DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA AND HIS WIFE.

It is easy to prophesy that the Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise, will be beloved in Canada, as they are in England and Scotland. It could hardly be otherwise. Both are young, and there is always a good feeling in favor of the young. Both belong to houses which are entitled to the greatest respect, and whose characters entitle them to honor. The House of Argyll is one of the oldest and most honored in Scotland; none in Britain could be higher than that to which the Queen belongs.

In the minds of many the possession of high position and unlimited means is considered to be equivalent to the disregard of the best interests of the children in households with these characteristics. But the Marquis of Lorne was educated so that he might be a useful man, and the Princess Louise in the same manner. The following from an article on the "Princess Louise" in *Harper's Bazar* shows this clearly:

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was born on the 18th March, 1848, at Buckingham Palace, then, as now, the Queen's town residence. Her early life, like that of all the Queen's children, was spent simply, with the mingling of study and recreation, early hours, careful training, and religious instruction which belong to all the better class of English households. The royal children were surrounded with very little useless luxury. There were large nurseries and a cheerful school-room; every possible advantage in moral and mental training was theirs, and at no time were they without a mother's personal attention. The Queen gave the masters and mistresses instructing her children ample authority, but she visited the school-room daily, inspected their studies, and desired that all misconduct or good behavior should be reported to her in person. School-room discipline in the royal family is said to have been very severe, yet we have been given pleasant pictures of the harmony and simplicity of the Princess's young days. There was always a cheerful sitting-room in the apartments belonging to the children, and there, a friend has told us, might be seen various indications of the tastes and talents among the young people. A prominent object was always Princess Louise's portfolio and the writing-table of the Princess Royal. On one occasion a lady visiting Windsor recalls a pretty picture in this room upon which she came: Princess Helena practising at the piano, the Princess Royal writing letters, and the then youthful Louise examining critically some prints and drawings which had been given her on a recent birthday. The guest was received with informality, and all the kindness of manner for which the Queen's family are noted; indeed, on visits like these there is only that touch of deference always shown to rank in England to mark the inequality between hostess and guest. The young princesses were always talkative and good-humored with those who visited them, and the lady in question described how pleasantly an afternoon among them was spent. The Queen coming in unexpectedly caused the only formality, every one rising, and, as she remained but a short time, standing until she had withdrawn, the guest as well as the young princesses courtesying as the Queen departed.

Thus happily and affectionately the sisters were educated together, the first break being the Princess Royal's marriage at seventeen to the Crown Prince of Germany. Princess Alice married soon after her father's death, and, as befitted the dreary period, quietly and without ostentation. Princess Helena's marriage occurring soon after, it came about that when quite young, and for a longer period than any of her sisters, the Princess Louise was known as the "young lady" of the royal family.

It was during this period that she first endeared herself to the hearts of the English people by entering so cordially into all the art and charitable enterprises of the day; her own work in sculpture and pencil was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the name of "Louise" was speedily known in connection with the since famous Art Needle-work Schools which she established at South Kensington, thereby giving congenial means of employment to hundreds of intelligent women thrown upon their own resources, as well as developing a high standard of art in home decoration.

INVERARY CASTLE.

A lady who visited Inverary with the Lornes has told us of the unaffected and agreeable routine of their life there. After breakfast if the weather permitted, the two special guests generally went off unattended to sketch in some part of the park or neighborhood; in the afternoon they usually rode or drove, returning at five or six for the drawing-room tea party which is part of the routine of every country house in Great Britain. Occasionally the Princess, with some lady in attendance, walked out and visited the cottages of the peasantry, talking to the people good-humoredly, and forgetting herself in remembering their wants and miseries. In London, of course, the Princess's life has been more stately, so far at least as externals go. Of late she has resided at Kensington Palace, once the favorite home of Queen Anne, where also the Prince and Princess Teck have spent some years. Here she has continued to carry out her charitable and artistic projects, and to entertain her friends.

For some years the various art galleries have exhibited works, both in pencil and sculpture, done by the Princess Louise, and at the "Grosvenor" last year her bas-relief of "Enid" created quite a sensation among critics, who viewed it apart from the favor likely to be shown a royal artist. Patronizing artists liberally, she has often given presents of her own work to her friends. Not long ago a portrait of herself, beneath which was written, "From Louise to her dear old master," was one of such gifts.

The charity which will always be specially associated with the name of the Marchioness of Lorne is the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, established some few years since, the "Louise Ward" being opened in 1874. At this beautiful hospital for the sick children of London otherwise homeless and unfriended, Princess Louise has been constantly seen, working heartily, and not content with the merely nominal patronage which is itself a benefit. Not long ago a lady well known in literary circles, and a friend of the Princess, met her at the hospital for some special purpose. It so chanced they were in a room alone together, and the royal lady's critical eye fell upon some dust on the floor. "This room ought to be swept more carefully," she exclaimed; then seeing a broom in the corner, evidently left by the housemaid who vanished on their entrance, she took it up and began playfully to sweep. Her companion remonstrated, when the Princess said, laughing, "Now do you suppose my mother left my education so unfinished that I can't sweep?" and accordingly, half in jest, but with a skill many housekeepers sigh for, the little lady vigorously swept the apartment, having taken the homely precaution of pinning back her gown before she commenced the operation.

"How will the Marchioness of Lorne contrive to live without all her dear charities and exhibitions?" a friend of hers said the other day in our hearing.

"Oh!" rejoined some one else, "Princess Louise will not be long in Canada without creating *new* ones, and depend upon it, she will advance things out there in a surprising fashion!"

These were echoes from "the household," and let us hope the prophecy will be fulfilled.

Our readers will be pleased to see the pictures on this and the fifth page, the former representing Inverary Castle, the home for centuries of the Lords of Argyll, the residence of the Marquis of Lorne before his marriage; the latter, Rideau Hall in Ottawa, the residence of the Governor-General of Canada.

THE HIDDEN FUTURE

Air.—Castles in the air.

The Night with dusky mantle has wrapt the mountain's breast,
The weary foot of labor, has sought a place of rest,
Our little ones beside us, with hearts so light and gay,
In happy glee their feet have run through all the busy day.

And now each little cherub form beside the table placed,
The eye with youthful pleasure beams, no care the brow has traced,
And as they talk with simple tongue, they paint a future day,
A happy scene with cloudless sky—a landscape glad and gay.

They dream their little fancy dreams, and count the weary years
Ere yet erect they proudly stand as men beside their peers,
Within their native vale to live, or seek a foreign strand
And laurels win of wealth and fame, and all be good and grand.

We listen to their childish talk and strange emotions rise,
For oh! how soon their visions bright may dim with cloudy skies;
And wand'ring in the tempter's way what ills may them betide!
Our hearts are sad, yet trust that One their feet may ever guide.

Our hopes are oft delusive on life uncertain way,
The light that shines upon our path is given day by day;
We scarce would dare to seek a change, the heart as truth believes,
The veil that doth the future hide, the hand of mercy weaves.

T. L.

—*Guelph.*

Temperance Department.

DARE TO SAY "NO."

Dare to say "No," when you're tempted to drink,
Pause for a moment, my boy, and think—
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed
For answering "Yes," without counting the cost;
Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;
Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow;
Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl;
Think of the danger to body and soul;
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;
Look at them now, and at once answer "No."
Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath;
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;
Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of lone grave, both unwept and unknown,
Hiding for hopes that were fair as your own;
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,
That still might be here had they learned to say 'No!"
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul;
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"

—*Exchange.*

ELLEN MORLEY'S SECRET.

It's almost forty-three years ago since father, mother, and myself lived here; we were comfortable enough for poor folks; there was the large garden and orchard at the back, and that nearly kept the house, then we'd fowls and pigs and bees, and I took in some fine needlework, for my parents never would let me leave home, as I was their only child, and they did not think I was strong enough for service, besides they always said they could not do without me, so we all lived together, and were very happy; the only trouble that father and mother had, was that I was engaged to John Morley, and though I had no intention of leaving them, still they fretted for my sake, thinking they were holding me back from happiness.

My father and mother were God-fearing, industrious, and sober people; I must tell you that in those days there was not much talk about teetotalers: people drank as much as they liked, and no one said anything to them; drunkards were plentiful, but somehow I think they're more plentiful now; you see drink is cheaper, and every corner you turn there's a great flaring public staring in your face, and certain it is that the people who frequent them only think of the quickest way of turning themselves into beasts. Mother and I never touched anything—not that we thought it wrong, but it didn't agree with us; father always had his pint at dinner and the same at supper; he always said he'd far rather go without a meal than miss his quart of ale in the day, and mother and I would have thought something was going to happen if he had refused it. But I never know him to take more, or any other kind of liquor; he told me he never had but one glass of spirits in his life, and that was when he was about twenty years of age; a friend persuaded him, but it flew to his head at once, and made him so blind that he took a green-grown duck-pond for a field, and when he thought to lie down and recover himself a bit, he got such a ducking that it gave him an attack of rheumatics for many a day.

As father advanced in years mother and I saw that his pint of ale did not suit him as it did once; always after dinner, instead of going out to the garden, he used to fall asleep for hours, and instead of waking up refreshed, he was dazed and giddy the whole evening after; the same after supper; he could scarcely see his way up to bed, and I walked behind him for fear he might stumble; but I must shorten this part of my story if I am to tell you about my secret.

It seems but a year ago since that beautiful summer evening which saw the last of happiness in our dear little home for many a long day. The sun was shining so brightly, the birds singing so gaily, and our large old-fashioned garden was all aglow with rich-colored, sweet-smelling flowers. Father came slowly out after his usual sleep, with that dazed look on his face that always made my heart tremble with fear; he leant heavily on his stick, so I gave him my arm, and we took a turn round the garden. The fresh air did him good; his head got clearer, and he called to mother to come and walk with us; they were so fond of one another, and had long ago learned the secret of a happy married life; it is summed up in two words, "Bear, forbear." He was so fond of making the cottage look pretty; it was covered with climbing plants of every kind, some trailing over the thatched roof to the chimney-top; looking suddenly up, he saw that his favorite rose was hanging down; he had been training it in the morning, and had not finished it when he was called in to dinner; the ladder was still in its place, so he said he must go up and finish it, for he was sure there was a storm coming on that would pull it down altogether. Now I must tell you that for some time dear mother had so managed it, that whatever climbing there was, was done before dinner, for she knew that his head was not to be trusted after that, and he always gave in so sweetly, saying he must remember he was getting to be an old man, but this evening nothing would turn him: he would not let me mount the ladder, though I had often done so for him; the tears ran down mother's cheeks, as she begged and prayed of him to be guided by her, but it was no use; he had got one of his rare fits of wilfulness on him, and he would only do what he liked. He went up, and for a few minutes all seemed to go well; he had almost finished, poor mother had begun to say, "Thank God, he's safe," when he suddenly loosed his hold, clasped his head with his hands, swung round and down on the top of my dear mother, who was gazing up at him with her soul in her face. They fell together and she never moved again; her neck was broken, and he, he lived a few hours, but never a parting word, never a parting smile for the breaking heart that that day's sun set on, and as if my cup of sorrow was not full enough, the doctor said to me, "Ah, if my poor old friend would have been advised by me, and had given up his daily quart of ale, it is more than probable you would have had him for many a year, for as I told him his brain was not able to bear the pressure he put upon it."

John stood by me in my dark hour; he did everything, spared me in all ways, sent one of his sisters to stop with me, until I could be persuaded to become his wife; but I believe I should have gone melancholy mad, if I had not been obliged to give up the cottage and go far away to a manufacturing town; it was such a dreadful blow, and the manner of it too, a quart of ale, had made me a homeless orphan; it was always before me; a bitter hatred grew up in my heart to the very name of drink: the sight of a public-house made me shudder; the smell of drink made me sick and faint, and the thought of that John was like father, and took his beer every day, so preyed upon my mind, that I believe if I had not been in a kind of stupid state when I married him, I should never have been his wife. The first Saturday night after we were married he brought home his money and laid it on the table before me. "Now, wife," he said, "this is my general weekly wage, two pounds ten, sometimes more, sometimes less. When its not under this I always keep ten shillings for myself; there's my beer, clubs, and other things that a man must always keep money in his pocket for, the rest I hand over to you to keep the house with. I know you will save if you can; but I like everything comfortable, and while I can work I mean to have comfort; but out of this two pounds, remember you are to take two and sixpence for your beer every week. I take mine, and my wife shall have hers too."

"I hate its very name," was the only reply I could make, for tears choked my voice.

"Poor soul!" he said pityingly, as he drew my head down to his shoulder, "You'll get better of that in time; any way, the money is yours to do what you like with, buy beer or woman's fal-dals, I'll never ask you what you've done with it."

I thought a great deal of what John said to me, and after a few days made up my mind what I was to do with this weekly two and sixpence, £6 1s 8d a year, a large sum for a workingman's wife to call her own, either to swallow, or waste in finery; it was clear I would not do the first, and as to the second, my dear parents had brought me up to consider that sinful waste made woeful want, and that poor men's wives and daughters were all the worse for apeing those above them; for if they hadn't money to waste on dress, they trod in crooked ways to find it. So I determined to save this money and put it into the savings' bank week by week, keeping it quite separate from any other I might be able to put by out of the remainder of John's wages, and this was my secret, which I would not share with any one, not even my husband. Why I decided not to tell him, I can scarcely say; I dearly loved him and trusted him, and surely never husband was kinder to wife than he was to me. I believe my chief thought was that some day there might come a great need, when this money would prove with God's blessing our salvation, and this helped me to keep the only secret I ever kept from my husband. Our life passed by smoothly and happily; we had one child, a boy, and he was the idol of his father's heart; that he was not mine as well, was only owing to this, that I was always praying against the temptation, and watching lest my great love should make me forget my duty as a parent, and that would be a poor selfish kind of love, and our darling grew up wonderfully unspoiled for an only child. But when he was about fourteen years of age he began to get very delicate; we did everything we could for him, but he did not get any stronger, so I called in the doctor, and he told me there was something wrong with the spine; still he hoped with great care he might be spared to us; but when John heard of it he completely broke down; his health had not been very good for some time, and an illness seized upon him which brought him to the very gates of the grave. Doctors' medicine and expensive nourishment had to be provided, and no two pounds a week coming in, so I thankfully turned to the little I had been able to save during the twenty years of our married life and once more began to take in fine needlework; but it was very hard to keep the wolf from the door. You will wonder I did not go to the savings bank and draw on my nest-egg; but I could not bear to do it, for I wanted the money for my boy's start in life, and I prayed God to help me Well, He restored my husband, but our darling was fading away; so one day the doctor told us there was no hope unless we could put him under a course of treatment that would cost a great deal of money, and he named the sum; my poor John turned away with a heart-broken look, but I smiled as I unlocked my desk, brought out my bank book and pointing to a certain page, said, "Here is what you want; cure my boy, and the blessing of God be with you." I think the doctor and John thought that I had gone mad from trouble, but I soon showed them the contrary, for I said "Here's £124 14s 2d, the price of twenty years' pints of beer, and the interest on the money; 7,300 pints at fourpence each." There it was before them plain to be seen. Surely I was the most thankful woman England held that day; but the crowning point had to come yet, for when John came home that night he drew a piece of paper out of his pocket, held it up before my eyes, and said, "I am a pledged teetotaler from this day forward: God bless you, wife, you have shown me a grand example." Our boy recovered, and quickly too; it didn't take half the money, and what was left, with what John and I saved together, was enough in two years to put him out in the world, and with the first money he ever saved he bought this cottage for his father and me, and now you have the story of Ellen Morley's Secret.—*Scottish Temperance League Tract.*

TOBACCO-SMOKING.

BY REV. B. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

I beg, as a favor, that young men and boys who do not smoke will read carefully what I am now writing. You have not yet used tobacco. Perhaps you do not intend to do so; but the practice is so common that you are in danger of being enticed to try if you cannot manage a pipe or a cigar. If you could, you will be told, it would be something rather clever and to be talked about. Before you yield, ponder carefully the following statements, not made before being well considered.

1. It is a fact that large numbers who use tobacco, in different ways, deeply regret having formed such a habit. I have heard scores of smokers so express themselves. I know a gentleman who would have given a large sum of money if he could have thrown off the habit without a severer struggle than he was prepared to engage in. It is a serious matter, forming a habit. Habits are said to be "second nature," and there is much truth in the saying. Their chains are sometimes very difficult to break. Pause, therefore, and think, before forming a habit which you would be almost sure to regret, yes, even, it may be, to hate.

2. It is a fact that tobacco has been found to be very injurious. It has been proved again and again, most clearly, that it injures the eyes; brings on diseases of the lip and tongue; causes heart complaints; depresses most fearfully the spirits; weakens the general strength of both body and mind; brings on fits, and even leads to insanity. I was once acquainted with a man who lost his reason entirely through injury to his nerves and brain arising from the use of tobacco. This was fully ascertained. I heard him say, when being taken to the asylum, "It's all the pipe! the pipe!" Medical men know this, and some of the most learned and skilful in the profession say that tobacco is nothing more or less than a poison. This, to some of you, may sound strange. It may be altogether new, indeed. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, referring to the subject, and to the opinion of the medical profession and eminent chemists, writes: "So far there is no controversy. All are agreed as to the deadly nature of the plant (tobacco plant). There is no dispute as to the poisonous action of nicotine." Again: "Nicotine, as the essential principle of tobacco is called, is a liquid alkaloid of such deadly properties that less than the tenth of a grain will kill a middle-sized dog in three minutes. In a single cigar there is sufficient nicotine, if administered pure, to kill two strong men. And thus, in smoking a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, the risk must be run of introducing into the system two grains or more of one of the most subtle of all known poisons." Think of that. Of course it does not operate as quickly, as it is usually taken, as some poisons. But it does operate in time, to the injury of all who use it, in a greater or less degree. Therefore beware.

3. It is a fact that the practice of using tobacco is a very expensive one; much more expensive, I have no doubt, than you are aware of. Indeed, the money wasted in this way, when we set ourselves to reckon it up in a few instances, is seen to amount to something almost surpassing belief. It is so, because it is a constant waste of money in small sums, in most cases. We are apt not to think much of what goes in the shape of "coppers;" but when it is a constant "drop," in years it amounts to much more than we supposed was being spent. I knew a poor man in a workhouse, who was seventy-nine years of age when I saw him last. He had been what is considered a moderate smoker fifty-five years. His tobacco had cost him, on an average, a shilling a week. In fifty years his habit, from which he had not derived the slightest real benefit, had cost him £130. How useful that to a poor man! Had it been taken care of, in place of being wasted in that way, it would have saved him from the workhouse. And is it not probable there are thousands of such cases?

But many spend much more than a shilling a week on tobacco. If you form the habit, it may cost you a larger sum. And more, your love of it may become so strong as to interfere with the discharge of high and holy duties. It is not improbable that the cost of tobacco diverts money from religious purposes. Indeed, I am certain it does.

4. It is a fact that smoking often leads to drinking, to loose companionships, and the frequenting of places which all young people should be most careful to shun. There is not much solitary smoking from choice. Company, I suppose, gives zest to the pipe. And few will deny that it often leads to the glass. From the one to the other has been found a short path, soon and easily travelled. Nor is this surprising, as its tendency is to induce or cause a thirst and longing for stimulants. In this way double expense and double danger to health and life are incurred. Suffer a few words of warning here. I will suppose you are a member of a Christian church, or an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and that you stand well in society and wish to continue to do so. Avoid, then, the pipe. Not doing so, you will be in danger. It has been a snare to thousands. A well-known temperance advocate writes: "I have known members of churches break the pledge, but it has nearly always been the case that such have been smokers, and have blamed the pipe for it. So far as I have observed, more members of our temperance societies fall from being caught in this snare, than in any other."

5. It is a fact that the use of tobacco is becoming more and more uncommon in good company, and is highly disapproved of by persons of cleanly habits, as an offensive and repulsive practice. It is beginning to be a custom in large and respectable houses not to allow it at all. And this will most certainly extend, as the impression is gaining ground amongst this class that the use of tobacco is mischievous, especially in the case of young men and boys. And the impression appears to be justified by facts. An eminent minister in London long ago remarked, "As a statistical fact, ninety per cent. of the smoking young men are irreligious." Another declared, some years ago, "The first cigar a young man puts into his mouth is often his first step in a career of vice." No doubt of it.

6. It is a fact that most sensible men, even many who themselves use tobacco, because they imagine they cannot get loose from the fetters of the habit, condemn the formation of such a habit by the young. I have heard such say something very much like the following, when speaking to young people on the subject:

"If you have not begun to smoke, do not do so. It will not do you one bit of good. It is an expensive habit, an injurious habit, a dangerous habit, and not at all a clean one."

This is what many smokers are quite ready to admit. And they are right, only very inconsistent. Think of these six facts and let your resolve be that you will not use tobacco in any form. Let your motto be, in the presence of all temptations—"I will not yield."—*Band of Hope Review.*

Agricultural Department.

FEEDING ROOTS TO STOCK.

Intelligent farmers, without an exception, admit the great value of roots of various kinds for feeding stock in winter. That all farmers do not provide a full supply of this kind of food is also very probable, owing to negligence or ignorance respecting the best methods of cultivation. In Europe the feeding of roots is far more general than in the United States; which is in part due to necessity, owing to the limited supplies of hay and grain, but mainly to a long acquaintance and general appreciation of the value of such crops. The quantity of food that can be produced on an acre of land in beets, carrots, turnips, and similar roots is vastly greater than is possible with any of the ordinary forage plants. Even were it possible to produce dry fodder in as large quantities and at less than it costs to raise roots, it would not in the least detract from the value of the latter or render them any the less important additions to the general food supply, for that which is the cheapest or the most nutritious may not always be the most healthful.

The constant and long-continued feeding of dry fodder to stock often produces constipation and a general debility of the digestive organs, followed by various diseases common to domestic animals. And the prevalence of such diseases during the winter months among cattle fed wholly upon dry food is one of the strongest arguments that could be offered in favor of a mixed diet of roots and dry fodder. Sudden changes from soft, succulent food to dry, or the reverse, are also injurious to the digestive organs; and cattle taken in from the pasture should receive rations of roots for a few weeks, if no longer, or until they become accustomed by a gradual diminution of the green food to live upon the dry alone. The same course should be pursued in spring, by supplying some kind of green or soft food fo several weeks, before turning out to pasture The better system is to have roots enough to give rations of them daily throughout the entire winter, feeding more freely to cows giving milk than to those that are dry. Sheep may be wintered almost entirely on roots and straw, and come out in spring healthy and fat. But a little care is sometimes necessary in feeding turnips; for, if given too freely to ewes with lamb, the large amount of water in this root will sometimes produce scours and even cause abortion.

The quantity of roots to be fed daily to stock must vary in accordance with their nutritive properties. For instance, the amount of nutritive matter in 1,000 pounds of the common white turnip is only about forty-two pounds, or a little over four per cent. In the Swedish turnip it is about sixty-four, while in the mangel-wurzel beet it is 136, according to an analysis by Sir Humphrey Davy. The sugar beet contains considerably more nutritive matter than the mangol, but the yield per acre is somewhat less; consequently, what is gained in quality is lost in quantity. Carrots and parsnips are still more abundant in nutritive properties; but more expensive, as they require richer soil and greater care in cultivation. But, being worth more for feeding than the larger kinds, they may be considered equally profitable to the farmer. Turnips are the easiest to raise and the least in value of all the ordinary roots generally cultivated upon the farm; but, as they are far better than no roots, we cannot urge too strongly their cultivation to farmers who think they have little time to devote to the production of such crops.

The Jerusalem artichoke is perhaps the next best root crop to raise in place of turnip, and the tubers are far superior to the very best varieties of the Swedish turnips, as they contain a much larger percentage of nutritive matter, and when fed to cows do not impart any bad flavor to the milk. These are strong points in favor of this old and greatly neglected plant, which of late years is rapidly gaining favor among dairymen and stock-raisers generally. The artichoke being perfectly hardy, the tubers need not be dug unless wanted, and the crop left undisturbed one, two, or more years forms a magazine of rich and valuable food to be drawn upon whenever desired. Every farmer should have a plantation of artichokes, if for no other purpose than as a reserve crop to fall back on when other roots fail, as is frequently the case in unfavorable seasons. The artichokes may be fed advantageously to all kinds of live stock; and there are few roots that have so wide a range of adaptation, oxen, cows, sheep, horses, and hogs eating them greedily and with unmistakably beneficial results. With the bare exception of carrots, we do not know of any root which has a better effect upon the digestive organs of horses than the artichoke; and one feed a day of these in winter may be given in place of oats or other grain, greatly to the benefit of the animal's health, even if his pleasure and comfort are not considered worthy of attention.

Boussingault, in his "Rural Economy," published many years since, said: "Of all the plants that engage the husbandman, the Jerusalem artichoke is that which produces the most at least expense of manure and manual labor." Kade states that "a square patch of this artichoke in his garden was still in full productive vigor after thirty-three years, throwing up stems seven to ten feet in height, although for a long time the plants had neither received any care nor manure." In the south of France, where the Jerusalem artichoke has been longest and most extensively cultivated, about ten tons of tubers are the average yield per acre; but fifteen have been produced under very favorable conditions. We may add here that, although this plant has received the name of Jerusalem artichoke and South America is generally credited as its native country, it has never been found either about Jerusalem or in South America; but the wild species from which our cultivated varieties doubtless originated, is found quite abundantly in many places in North America and especially in the Northwestern States.—*Weekly Sun.*

FRESH EGGS THE YEAR ROUND.

Make a hen comfortable, and she will lay. If a laying breed, so much the better. It is with Biddy much as with Brindle. Good treatment disposes to maternity—in the hen to the greater production of eggs; in the cow to the increased secretion of milk. How, then, are we to make the hen most comfortable? This depends much upon circumstances, some situations being more favorable than others.

In winter there must be warmth, as well as light. Windows will readily give entrance to the light of the sun and the reflection of the snow; but they should be made double, so as to secure warmth, and well fitted in, especially the outside sash. Keep firmly secured during the winter and have ventilation elsewhere. Secure the sides and roof well against the cold. In no case permit a crowded condition of the fowls. The light will make it pleasant, the roominess will dispose to ease and freedom; the latter being a prominent element of the fowl, which cannot be abridged much without harm, though the Asiatics are somewhat an exception to this—probably from their long habit of close quarters and petting in the thickly-inhabited countries of the East. Hence they are well calculated for our cities. Cleanliness and fresh air are a necessity. Ventilation and disinfectants are the means to secure them; the latter not lacking in variety to meet circumstances, among which dry air, secured by a coal stove, stands first, the stove also serving as a superior ventilator to carry off the heavy, noxious air below. This for the more imposing structures. The windows, of course, are to be on the south side; and, if the north side is secured by a rise of ground or the wall of another building—anything that effectually keeps out the cold—all the better. This for winter.

Summer requires a different thing, and largely the opposite. How to attain coolness, instead of warmth, must now be the study. Not only ventilation, but shade is wanted. Trees here are one of the greatest advantages—trees and plenty of fresh air. These can be obtained readily by movable buildings, which are somewhat in vogue, and which favor the other advantage of turning about the building—the south side, with the windows, now facing the north and getting the morning and evening sun, and shade the rest of the day. In the great majority of cases, however, this is not done and cannot be done in the cities; but is the best of all plans where practicable, as it is the most efficient means of securing cleanliness, also affording pasture and freshness for the fowls. Where the hen-house is a fixture, a temporary awning is a great help in securing relief from the heat.

These are mainly the principles that govern in keeping fowls successfully. As circumstances vary, so the means for carrying out the principles will also vary; so that every one must judge for himself what is best suited to his case—how most readily and cheaply he can conform to its requirements. For the man who has not aptitude enough for this is not likely to succeed after he is furnished with what is necessary; but with intelligence and prompt action success is always attainable—not so much at first as after experience has aided him. It is a trade, like all other business, which even the most capable must learn before they can realize its greatest advantages.

To carry out the true spirit of a successful hennery, the keeper must be on good terms with his feathered family, and permit of no strange intrusions, to frighten the fowls; for no frightened fowl will lay. All disturbance, of whatever kind, must be avoided, and kindness and good treatment exercised from earliest chickhood to the end. This makes a fowl at home and eager, if a prolific breed, for propagation. If she now has a sufficiency, not an excess, of food; the necessary variety, so that she is satisfied; is strong, but not fat; with pure water whenever she wants it, and some gravel to grind her food; also room enough in her quarters, so that she does not feel confinement—in a word, if she is happy, she will lay. Avoid, by all means, an exclusive diet of corn. Let corn be one among several other grains, buckwheat leading. Scraps of meat or other animal food should occasionally be given, as well as green vegetable material, or in summer access to grass and a range in the fresh air. An occasional forage of this kind, say once a day, is of vast benefit, and a pleasure to the fowl, as well as to the keeper who observes it.

But who will take all this trouble? The answer is: Those who succeed. You cannot succeed if you treat your fowls indifferently, whatever the breed may be. There may be eggs, and sometimes quite abundant; but in the long run they will cost more than they are worth, and often do so in the start. However, a little judicious management goes a great way, only let it cover the more prominent points. But full success can only be obtained by observing all that relates to the well-being of the hens. Then a family can possess itself of cheap and fresh eggs the year round.—*Utica Herald.*

PLANTS FOR FORCING.—A long list gooof garden plants for forcing has been gven us, and I can speak with confidence of a feiw tha I have tried, among which are *Dicentra spectabitis, Deutzia gracilis, Spirea aruncus, Lilium longiflorum*, not forgetting *Sedum spectabile*, already mentioned. Of herbaceous spireas, dicentra, etc. crowd the pot full of roots. The more shoots the more bloom. Give the potted plants entire repose and no water, or only a trifle after they are placed in the cellar—which may be done any time before the ground freezes. I never think it worth while to disturb this kind of stock before mid-winter. Then bring to the living-room such as you desire to bloom at once, reserving some for a succession of flowers. This kind of gardening has great advantages. You give place to the plants only while the growth is very rapid and the bloom abundant. Then they may be taken to the cellar with impunity, to await the spring planting. Any of our shrubs that form their buds in autumn might be taken and thus forced, if they were not too large for window-gardening. I have seen branches of white lilac placed in water producing very good bloom.

SPADE FOR DIGGING POST-HOLES.—Among the new inventions designed to lighten the labor of digging post-holes, is a double, round-pointed shovel or spade, the two parts being connected like the two blades of a pair of shears or pincers. The instrument is plunged into the soil the length of the blades some ten or twelve inches, and after compressing the earth by the leverage afforded through the jointed handles, the contents are lifted and dropped on the surface. Three or four plunges and withdrawals of the instrument will clear a six or eight-inch hole two or two and a half feet deep, all ready to receive the post, and the solid bank will hold the post much more firmly with a slight tamping, than if a larger hole were filled with loose earth. In a free soil a hole may be dug for an ordinary fence pos in from one to two minutes.—*N. E. Farmer.*

PLANT EARLY.—Our window-gardening is often a failure the fore part of the season because we do not start our stock soon enough. If one desires a basket of mixed oxalis for winter—nothing is prettier—the bulbs should be planted as early in autumn as possible. They can be made to bloom the first of December, just as well as the beginning of spring. If smilax is desired either grow it in part in summer, or keep the roots dry and in that hungry state that will cause it to shoot up rapidly when potted in early autumn. Treat Madeira vine, *Cobea scandens*, maurandya, or whatever you choose for decorations in the same way. Or, if you have some considerable length of vines when brought in, to commence the adornment of your winterquarters, all the better. When vegetation dies without, then should plants and vines begin to beautify the home within.—*American Garden.*

MR. J. J. THOMAS said in the course of a recent address that the work of many farmers' wives and daughters is wearing and killing in its effects, owing to the fact that they are compelled to cook and serve for a horde of hired men, and know no time for rest. This he justly thinks "entirely wrong," and suggested as the best remedy the building of tenement houses, as he has himself done, where laborers board and lodge with their families. Besides being a great burden off the shoulders of the women folks, this method he finds an actual economy, as it gives him a much better class of help.—*The Housekeeper.*

DOMESTIC.

POTATO PUFF.—Two cupfuls cold mashed potato, two tablespoonfuls melted butter beaten together till light; beat in two eggs, one cupful of milk and a little salt; turn into a buttered dish and bake in a quick oven till well browned.

AMHERST PUDDING.—Three cups of floor, on cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins chopped, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves; boil or steam three hours.

VEAL LOAF.—Three pounds of veal off the ham; three slices salt pork, chopped fine, add three eggs well beaten, one-half cup sweet cream, one tablespoonful each of sage, salt, and pepper. Stir well together, and bake one and a half hours. Best when cold.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Take large oysters drained well. Roll some crackers fine, season them with pepper and salt. Have ready some boiling lard and some beaten eggs. Dip the oysters first in the cracker then in the egg, and then into the cracker again; drop them in the hot lard; let them brown, and skim out in a colander to drain. Should be served hot.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Take the meat of a boiled chicken, mince and add an equal quantity of chopped celery, prepare the following dressing and pour over it. Yolks of two hard boiled eggs, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, two of salt, a little pepper; yolk of a raw egg and a little sugar, one pint of cream, and vinegar to the taste.

CAPER SAUCE.—Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of flour; when the two are well amalgamated, add pepper and salt to taste, and rather less than a pint of boiling water; stir the sauce on the fire until it thickens, and add a good allowance of capers, whole or coarsely chopped, and removing the saucepan from the fire, stir into the sauce the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon and strained.

TYING UP BUNDLES.—Men always say that a woman cannot tie up a bundle properly, and there is only too much truth in the accusation. Too much paper is usually the secret of the ugly parcels turned out by feminine hands, and the fault is seldom overcome, even by girls in shops, who have to do up many packages in a day. A wrapper should never be more than broad enough to be folded over the ends of the object inclosed; the length is a matter to be decided by the number of thicknesses thought best to protect the contents of the parcel. It is worth while to learn pretty ways of tying twine about a bundle, as they not only make it easier to carry but add to the elegance of its appearance. Keep a string-bag, and never throw away any cord; but do not waste half your lifetime in untying knots; scissors were made to cut.—*American Cultivator.*

IVY IN THE ROOM.—The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating rooms is becoming more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly recommended. Being very strong, they will live through any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Many houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the temperature over 60° Fahrenheit. Take care and not enfeeble your ivies by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art. Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry from your parlor to be arched or curved like those in the drawing rooms of your richer neighbor? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed in and screw them in the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful, but costly pots the flower dealers will advise; common ones will answer every purpose, for by placing in each two or three sprays of coliseum ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discovered through their thick screen. The English ivy, growing over the walls of the building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it, and it is mentioned as a fact in the *Paper-Hanger's Companion* that in a certain room where damp had prevailed for a length of time, the affected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite exterior side. The close overhanging pendent leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating to the wall. Beauty and utility in this case go hand in hand.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

JACK THE CONQUEROR;

Or, Difficulties Overcome.

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN.

(From Children's Friend)

CHAPTER V.

"Here's another difficulty got over very easily," quoth Master Jack to himself, as he walked home with his two shirts under his arm. "I see a number more, though, before me. Now that I've got two shirts, and am mended up from head to foot, beside having a lump of soap and a comb of my own, why, I ought to have some shoes to my feet.

"Mary and Nellie always wear such nice black shoes and white socks," he continued (Jack had got a habit of talking out loud to himself, perhaps from being so much alone). "I needn't care about having socks yet, for my trousers come down to my heels, so socks wouldn't be much seen, but I'm almost the only boy who goes about with bare feet; yet my shoes at home hurt me so bad, and aunt says I must wear those or none."

Here was a serious difficulty indeed to his efforts to present a respectable appearance. Shoes and boots were expensive things. He had outgrown his only pair before they were worn out, and his aunt declared she would buy him no more till they were. He could get his feet into them, she saw, and this was enough for her; she had no sympathy with the pinches and pain they inflicted on him. "A boy ought not to mind such things," she said; and this was all the comfort Jack got when he complained they hurt him. The consequence was, that he gradually gave up putting them on, caring much less for the occasional pain inflicted by stones and thorns than for the continued misery of tight shoes.

JACK AND THE SHOEMAKERS MISFIT.

He examined them carefully when he got home. They were in very tolerable condition, but smaller than ever now for his feet, which had expanded in width since they had rejoiced in liberty.

"Difficulty fourth is a puzzler," said Jack, "but I must master him somehow. Suppose I take the shoes to Timothy Crawley, and ask him to stretch them if he can."

Timothy Crawley was the village shoemaker, a man who was said to have more children than wits. He worked hard to maintain them, never spent his money at the public-house, and yet was greatly under valued by his sharp, bustling, long-tongued wife. Had he been the husband of another woman, Timothy would probably not have had his sense disparagingly spoken of; but he was a man who loved peace and quiet, and had carried this liking to such an extent that he had become regularly henpecked. To him, then, Jack carried the strong, leather-laced boots made by Timothy himself more than half a year ago.

He found him seated as usual in his workshop, with his eldest boy beside him learning his father's trade. He was surrounded with boots of every size, all waiting their turn to be mended, to say nothing of new ones in various stages of progression; for Timothy was a maker of some popularity with the quarrymen.

Jack's heart sank within him, for he feared that with so much to do, Timothy would never condescend to attend to his small affair. But he was mistaken. The worthy shoemaker had a kindly heart beating under that leathern apron of his, and perhaps he was touched by Jack's shoeless condition. He examined the shoes, made him put them on, and at once pronounced them far too small to be stretched sufficiently for comfort. All he could do was to advise to him get his aunt to let him have a new pair.

"She says I must wear out these first," said Jack sorrowfully; —"that she can't afford to waste such good ones."

"They are good ones, sure enough," said Timothy, who did not forgot that he had been the maker of them; but your "aunt must not expect them to grow as your feet do; if she likes you to have another pair, tell her I'll wait her own time for payment, so that it comes in by Christmas."

There was no more to be said. Jack took up his boots, but his melancholy countenance touched Timothy, who had a father's feeling for his own boys, and Jack just the age of one of them. "Stop a moment," said he—"give me your shoe again." And he measured it with a pair standing near little worn. "Try on these; they are some I made for my Tom; but they've turned out a misfit—being a deal too large, his mother says. Now, if they fit you, I've half a mind to let you have them, and I'll do up yours for Tom; they are much of a muchness as to the kind of shoe."

They were a capital fit, which decided the affair in Jack's favor. The boy fortunately never knew how dearly Timothy paid for his good nature in the shape of a scolding from his wife, who learnt what he had done from her eldest son; for, as we have said, he was in the workshop during the transaction. Her husband, as usual, took refuge in silence, and the storm passed over.

How can Jack's happiness be described as he went away, having achieved this last conquest? He found it very disagreeable, it is true, to walk in shoes, as he had been so long without them. More than once he stopped with the intention of taking them off, and enjoying a good comfortable run in the old way. But he persevered, remembering his shoes would do no good if he could not accustom himself to wearing them. "'T'is another difficulty to master," thought he; and he trudged on, shoes and all.

His aunt was surprised to see what a reformation old Jenny had made in his clothes, and by no means displeased that she had been saved all trouble, for she was a poor hand at her needle. The shirts she seemed to consider an unnecessary article of clothing, but made no objection to the prospect of washing one every week; and as for the shoes, she positively praised Jack for being so sharp as to have got a new pair for an old one out of Timothy. In short, she was well satisfied that the boy should get respectably clothed, provided it cost her neither trouble nor money, though he might go in rags rather than that she should be called upon to expend either the one or the other in his behalf; but she did actually, of her own accord, stitch together the broken straws of his hat, and promised to get him another before long.

CHAPTER VI.

It was only two days later, when Mrs. Naylor was seated at work with her children, there came a tap at the cottage door, which was answered by a summons to enter.

She little expected to see Jack, who walked in somewhat timidly as though he feared he were taking a liberty, yet with a droll mixture of self-confidence, conscious of looking very superior to the Jack they had always seen before. His hair was parted and combed off his forehead. A blue and white shirt-collar appeared above his well-mended clothes, and Mary's own shoes were not blacker than those which he himself wore. In his hand he carried a very pretty, well-arranged nosegay of fern leaves, woodbine, and dog roses.

Mary looked delighted to see him, and her mother welcomed him cordially by saying—

"Come in, Jack, and sit down, why, you look so nice this afternoon, I scarcely knew you at first."

No words could have pleased him better. He wanted to be as unlike his old self in appearance as possible.

He did not, however, sit down as invited, but stood looking at his nosegay, and thinking how to ask the favor he came for. At last, finding there was no other way he could think of, he dashed into his petition at once.

"Please I want to learn to read, and I came to see if Miss Mary would teach me, now as I've got to be clean and tidy. I've no money to pay with, but I can bring plenty of flowers every day; and when the whortleberries are ripe I will gather you as many as you like."

"Oh, mother, do let me teach him," here broke in Mary; "I am sure he would soon learn. I know how to, for I sometimes teach the beginners at school."

Mrs. Naylor did not require much persuasion. A few questions to Jack showed her how he was longing for the advantages enjoyed by other children of his age, but from which he was shut out. She soon also drew from him the history of his personal transformation, which showed how resolved he had been to remove all hindrances in the way of his being taught. She had always pitied the child, but she and his aunt had not a feeling in common, so there had been no intercourse between them; slovenly, untidy ways were as distasteful to Mrs Naylor as they were natural to Susan Law. Jack could not have taken a surer method of winning her heart than by showing a desire to reform in these respects.

"Mary shall teach you, Jack," she said; "but you must promise always to come as clean as you are to-day, and that you will do your best to learn."

Jack's white teeth grinned forth his delight, and he faithfully promised that no soiled face or fingers should ever be brought to the reading lesson.

"And when shall we begin, mother?" asked Mary, who had run to the shelf and taken down an old spelling-book, on which Jack's eyes fastened themselves with an eager look: "I could finish my work afterwards."

"Which means you think the present time is the best," said Mrs Naylor, smiling. "Come, Jack, put down your cap; give me those pretty flowers to put in water, and sit down here with Mary."

And so, then and there, Jack Harold received his first lesson in the art of reading, and it was easy to see that he was a pupil likely to do Mary credit.

It was settled before he left that he should come every day at that hour, and see whether she were at liberty to attend to him, which was likely generally to be the case; for Mary was as anxious to teach as he to learn, so no unnecessary obstacles were likely to be put in the way by either child.

Nor did their perseverance relax as the first novelty wore off. Every evening found them as interested in their work as the preceding one, and the consequence was that Jack's progess was rapid, and he could read words of one syllable in as short a time as most boys would have been in learning their letters. He never appeared without an offering for Mary, either in the shape of flowers, or a rush basket full of whortleberries, or water-cresses fresh from the stream. And he won Nellie's favor for ever by bringing her a young kitten. The child had long ceased to shrink from him. Perhaps the greatest reward he ever had for keeping his face so clean, was when she first climbed on his knee and kissed his cheek.

He continued to spend his mornings and afternoons chiefly in wandering about the fields and woods, but now always with his spelling-book in his hand. The birds and squirrels got much less

RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.

of his attention than they used to, though still he would constantly lie and puzzle his brain over the reasons of things, and wonder whether he should find out in books all he wanted to know. Above all, he longed to learn more about other countries. There was a colored map of the world hanging in Mrs Naylor's cottage. It was a large one, on wooden rollers, and though it occupied an inconvenient amount of room, she would not take it down, because it had been given her by the young ladies of the family in which she had been a faithful, valued servant. Jack was never tired of standing on a stool and examining it. Mrs. Naylor had explained it to him as far as she was able, and Mary knew all the different countries, and could even tell him anecdotes about the various nations, and how some were one color and some another. Her reading-book had enlightened her on many of these points, though she did not care much about them. Stories were more in her way; but for Jack's sake she sought out all the chapters she could find on geography and the history of the world, and read them to him. Dull as she thought them at first, they acquired an interest when she saw what a charm they had for her listener, and what a pleasure it was to him to go afterwards to the map, and with her help hunt out the countries about which she had been reading.

One of Jack's subjects of thought used to be, how extremely he should dislike having to go and work in the quarries when he got a little older. He would so much rather be a schoolmaster than a quarryman, and have to do with books rather than hew away at blocks of stone.

He would sometimes indulge in a little castle-building on this subject, which of course fell to the ground as soon as reared, for he knew well that to the quarries he must go. His aunt was always talking about the time when he would be old enough.

Another and a more manageable desire was to learn to write. He had not liked to say anything to Mary about it, because though he was sure she would teach him, he did not know how to get pens and copy-book.

and he was not a boy who liked to be troublesome. Then there was arithmetic, and geography, and other things that the boys and girls learnt at school. If he could only be taught like them!—but threepence a week was the sum to be paid, and even if it were a penny he knew his aunt would not give it.

He had surmounted several difficulties; but this one of going to school was of a magnitude that would have discouraged most boys situated as Jack was.

It seemed, though, as if his disposition was one that could not be daunted, and past success emboldened him to hope on. He had by his own exertions gained a great deal; why should he not in some way or other earn money to go to school, at least for the winter?

But how? To a boy in town this would have been a less difficult question, but in a country village it is not an easy matter for the most willing child of Jack's age to earn threepence a week.

Scheme after scheme he planned and rejected, and day after day passed on, and still he schemed and planned and found he could do nothing. He consulted old Jenny, to whom he never failed to carry a bundle of sticks every evening—no longer by way of payment for her work, but because he had begun to love the good old woman, and was glad to save her the trouble of stooping to pick them up for herself. But Jenny could not help him in this matter. She sympathized with him, and encouraged his wish to learn, because she said she believed learning was a good thing; she always, however, ended with the same words:—

"God will help you, boy, if you help yourself where you can. Trust Him to do all that is best for you. Keep on learning to read, and leave the rest till you see your way before you."

And so, Jack who was learning many a lesson of wisdom from old Jenny's lips, tried to be patient, and to be willing not to go to school if no way seemed to be opened for him to do so. Perhaps he found, as many others have done before him, that it is a harder and more irksome duty to have to practise patience, than to be endeavoring to overcome obstacles by energy and activity.

It is generally easier to work than to wait, but we must ever remember that, be our age and our lot in life what it may, we cannot form our own plans. It is God who leads us on, step by step, in the path that He knows to be best for us. What Jenny said to Jack applies equally to us all: "Trust Him to do all that is best for you."

(To be Continued.)

QUIETNESS.

I would be quiet, Lord,
Nor tease, nor fret;
Not one small need of mine
Wilt Thou forget.

I am not wise to know
What most I need;
I dare not cry too loud
Lest Thou shouldst heed;

Lest thou at length shouldst say,
"Child, have thy will;
As thou hast chosen, lo!
Thy cup I fill!"

What most I crave, perchance
Thou wilt withhold,
As we from hand unmeet
Keep pearls or gold;

As we, when childish hands
Would play with fire,
Withhold the burning goal
Of their desire.

Yet choose Thou for me—Thou
Who knowest best;
This one short prayer of mine
Holds all the rest.

Julia C. R. Dorr, in Sunday Afternoon.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

DEUT. 33: 27.

The Family Circle.

THE LEGEND OF JACOB'S PILLOW.

BY JACOB G. ASCHER.

In the wealth of rabbinical lore
Is a mystical legend of yore,
Of Jacob who wandered afar.
In anguish of spirit, sore pressed
He lay on the desert to rest,
'Neath the light of a tremulous star.

And the moss-covered stones that he saw
Grew still in their wonder and awe,
That the father of Israel's race
Should seek in the gloom of the plain
Surcease of his anguish and pain,
"To lay himself down in that place."

Then they clamored in audible tones,
In the mystical language of stones,
Each claiming pre-eminent right
To be chosen as Israel's bed,
To pillow the wanderer's head
As he lay in the desert that night.

Each stone to the other laid claim
To the honor and marvellous fame,
As contending they scattered his way
But the presence of Jacob was there,
Like the sanctified incense of prayer!
And in rapturous silence they lay.

But a marvellous destiny—true
To the grandeur of Israel's few
Who invoked the religion of man—
Rewarded the rivalling stones,
In harmony blending their tones
Like the hues of a rainbow's span.

For they merged and mingled in one
In the droop of the glowing sun,
And from all, but a single stone
Was moulded for Israel's bed,
To pillow the wanderer's head
As he lay with his God alone!

And when morn shot her golden beams,
As seraphia as Israel's dreams,
The pillow of mystical story
He knew in the depth of night
Had invoked the angels of light,
To compass the heavens in glory.

An altar to Heaven he raised,
And the God of his fathers he praised,
As he set up the pillow of fame:
And the legend divinely has said,
That thus was the corner stone laid
Of the temple to Israel's name.

Like the stones—so scattered and riven,
Was thus a heritage given
To a race bearing proudly their pain;
But the fragments in one shall combine
To build up the Faith of all time,
And the Temple of God to regain!
—*The Jewish World.*

"MARTHY."

"Marthy! Marthy!"

It was a peevish, querulous tone. Martha Faxon was crying—her head on the little table by which she sat, her miserable tears falling on the coarse gingham apron she was making for her brother Bob.

"Marthy! Marthy! Mar-*thy!*"

"What do you want?" was called back crossly.

"Come right down and peel the pertaters. My hands are in the dough. And you'll have to see to Tony. He'll get into some mischief if he's left in the wood-shed."

Martha went down to the kitchen. Potatoes and Tony were duly attended to, the latter being severely tied into a high chair in the midst of a vigorous remonstrance.

"You might as well make the starch in that tin dish, Martha. Your father must have a collar to wear to town-meetin' to-night, and them currants hain't been picked over, and if you could jest stir up some of that mountain cake for tea, and"——

"Oh, mother! mother!"

The words came in a great sob. Her mother, rubbing the dough off her hands, looked up in surprise. Even Tony, who had finally succeeded in emptying a pitcher of milk over himself, gave his undivided attention for half a minute to his big sister.

An instant later Martha disappeared, banging the buttery door behind her, and in its tin-pan solitude was doing her best to keep down another flood of tears.

"Where's Martha?" It was a very sweet o this time that asked for the girl. Miss Livermore, the minister's daughter, had "just run in," as she often did, to have a little chat with worried Mrs. Faxon, who afforded a constant illustration of the fact that "women's work is never done"—at least some women's. This time she had come to invite Martha for a ride in the little phaeton that waited at the door. The mountain cake was indefinitely postponed, and the two set off together.

"You look tired, Martha," was Miss Livermore remark after they had gone in silence for a little way. She made no comment on the tear-stained cheeks, and Martha believed she had scrubbed away all traces of her "crying spell."

"Yes, I am tired," she replied, her lip even then quivering a little. "I wonder if there's never to be any way out of it."

"Then it's the same old story is it?" Miss Livermore looked with keen interest at the gloomy face.

"Yes, only worse. It seems to me sometimes as if I could not stand it any longer. I wish Uncle Crosby had kept his money instead of spending it to unfit me for everything—that is everything I can have here."

"He did not mean to do that, of course."

"Oh, I know it, Miss Livermore, and I am grateful, I suppose; but if you only knew what a hideous change it is to come from Orient Seminary and the society of that beautiful town into this desolate little village and our poky old farmhouse where there's nothing but cooking, dirty dishes, washing days, and ——and—mother and father don't care anything about books"—she did not refer to the sore trial of their ungrammatical speech—"and I'm just discouraged."

She was sobbing again in good earnest. Miss Livermore waited until she grew quieter, and then asked, "Has anything new happened, Martha?"

"No—only—that is I had a letter from Chrissy Paine this morning. She is going to Europe this fall to stay two years and study the languages. She wrote that May Baxter had been offered a position in the Museum of Natural History in Philadelphia; she always wanted just that sort of work. All the girls are doing something—all my class—except me."

"You told me once you didn't care for the languages."

"No. I don't, very much."

"Nor geology, nor zoology,"——

"No. I have no particular liking for any of those branches."

"Then I would not be unhappy because I was not going to study one or work in the others."

"Oh, Miss Livermore, you know it's not that! And I can't teach either. I broke down miserably enough when I tried it last spring. It is because—well, because I don't seem to fit anywhere, or be wanted anywhere, or find anything to do."

"Anything to do!" repeated Miss Livermore.

"Well, anything I want to do—anything that is of any use, you know."

Miss Livermore made no response. She had her own views of the case, but this was not the "convenient season" for speaking of them. She had never yet succeeded in making much impression upon the discontented girl; seventeen and thirty-seven see things with such different eyes!

"What would you like to do, Martha?" she asked instead, "if you could have your choice, I mean?"

The answer came hesitatingly.

"You will laugh at me, but if you only knew how I have longed to go down South—to go with the nurses and help take care of the yellow fever patients. That would be something worth while—and I think I could do it," she added after a little pause."

"Do you mean that you have a special gift in that line of work?"

"No, nothing 'special;' but the nurses are all told what to do; they have experienced people to direct them, of course. I'm not afraid of the fever, and"—in a more excited tone—"it wouldn't be a bit worse to die in Memphis than to live in Brownville—there! You see now how wicked I am," and she laughed hysterically.

Miss Livermore was busily thinking.

"There is a poor sewing-woman," she said at last, "living with an infirm mother in one of the little cottages down there"—she pointed with the whip—"who is sick with gastric fever, brought on by overwork and insufficient food. I've been wondering what could be done for them, for the mother is too lame to walk about. Now, if you could begin there, just to find out what talent you have for taking care of sick people—right here in Brownville—don't you think it would be a wise sort of preparation for a Southern campaign—wiser than to go so far from home?"

Martha was silent: the prospect did not seem attractive. She began dimly to realize that her desire to escape from Brownville was almost as strong as her ambition to be of some use in the world.

"I suppose I might try it," she said at last, reluctantly, "if father and mother are willing." And so it came about that within a day after this talk Martha Faxon was installed as nurse in the poor little tumble-down cottage. Miss Livermore's few private words to the girl's parents were sufficient to obtain their consent.

Poor Martha! She would have been glad to listen even to the obnoxious pronunciation of her own name, to hear it again from familiar lips. "Gastric fever was no joke," the doctor said, and Martha quite agreed with him. In fact she found no suggestion of a joke anywhere. It was all the hardest work of her whole life. The poor woman was very sick, her mother quite helpless, and Martha struggled to do her self-imposed duty by both of them. It was cooking, washing, and dirty dishes over again with the added items of sick-room care; worse than Bob's dirty face or Ned's torn aprons, she was obliged to confess. Nothing was handy in the cottage; it was even worse than the "poky farmhouse" kitchen. And oh, how sleepy she was, and how she longed for liberty! She held out for nearly two weeks, then the physical failed her. Her will was strong, else she would have broken down before—unaccustomed as she was to the work. Dr. Belden took her home in his buggy, got another nurse in her place, and gave her a little of his care for several days.

It was on one of these that Miss Livermore called again. She had been absent in the city while Martha was serving her severe apprenticeship.

"I did more hard thinking in that sick-room, nights, than I ever did before in all my life," the young girl was saying, "and I've made up my mind to stop longing to be something that I can't, and try to do something that I can. 'Tisn't very much and 'tisn't very interesting, but I can do it."

But the tremulous voice told that the prospect looked as dark as ever.

I've never had a happy or contented week since I left school," she went on. "Now I'll try to fish a little comfort out of the iron pot or wring it out of the dish-cloth. I won't wince, either, when the folks call me 'Marthy.'"

She put her head and her heart, as well as her hands, into the work. It was surprising to see the difference it made! It was "brains applied to bread, broom and buttons," she said, that showed her what a field for usefulness had been waiting for her, "all the time that I've been looking over the fences into other folks' lots."

Mrs. Faxon's face already began to look as if some of the wrinkles were ironed out of it, and the minister and his daughter dined with them one day.

"Uncle Crosby didn't 'unfit' me after all," Martha said to her friend as she bade her good-by that night. "I'm teaching Bob and Ned two hours a day. It's real fun, they learn so fast. And Dr. Belden is helping me get up that reading club we talked about, and do you know this has been the very happiest time of all my life.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

FINISHED OR NOT.

BY CHRISTINE E. MARSHALL.

It was the hour for arithmetic. I had given out an example, with this remark. "When I knock, you are to stop, whether you're work is finished or not."

With considerable curiosity, I stand watching my class of boys. Some, diligent and industrious, begin immediately to perform their example with the determination to finish it in the allotted time. Others carelessly take their pencils and appear to be working, but every trifle attracts their attention, and the time which ought to be given wholly to their work is divided.

The signal is given—the diligent, industrious ones quickly lay down their pencils and are ready. While here and there among those whom I noticed wasting the time, I hear this request. "Teacher, I am almost through; can not I finish?" The answer is, "No; finished or not, you must stop now."

Dear Christian friends, we have a work to do, and just so much time to do it in. By-and-by, death will knock at our door. If we have been faithful and diligent, our work will be finished. We will be ready, yea, glad to lay down our work, and go to our reward. Joyful and restful will the welcome words of our Saviour be, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But what of those who have wasted their time and talents: who have not finished the work given them to do? Perhaps they will appeal to the Saviour, saying, "Lord spare us still longer, we have not finished our work." The answer will be. "Finished or not, you must stop now."

"Begin in the morning and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay.
And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do."
—*Christian Weekly*

JACK McCLOUD.

"There were three boys," said uncle Peter, "in my school, one winter, that were fun-loving, rollicking fellows, nothing really vicious or ugly in them, yet they made me a great deal of trouble. If I had occasion to mend or make a pen, set a copy or work a difficult sum, there was sure to be a twitter, which swelled to a snicker around the room. When I looked up all eyes would either be upon me or the three boys, who of themselves never seemed so studious, at one of their tricks, by the way. Matters stood this way some days. I could find nothing special to accuse them of, yet I knew they were the cause of the whole disturbance. Something must be done. After one of these periodical snickers, one day I went to them, and said, pleasantly:

"Boys, you seem to have a great deal of fun here all to yourselves, which is most too bad; now tell us all what pleases you so and we will enjoy the laugh together and have done with it, for we are here for something besides laughing. What is it?"

"Oh! nothing," they answered with such grimaces that, of course, made the whole school laugh.

"If it is nothing, then we have had quite enough. You are the oldest in the school, and I had looked to you to help me preserve order; I am sorry to say I am much disappointed. I am satisfied you are the cause of all this confusion in our otherwise pleasant school.

"Now, while I do not intend to cane or flog, I want you to distinctly understand that I will not permit anything of this kind longer. Orson Pratt, will you try to do better in the future, laying aside this silly waste of time, and help me by your example?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, frankly and readily.

"Nathan Hawley, will you make the same promise for the future; will you be a help instead of a hindrance?"

"Yes, sir," came slowly, as though costing an effort. I expected opposition from this boy and was pleased with my success.

The other boy, Jack McCloud, was the most good-natured in the school. I knew him at home as a pleasant boy. It was with easy assurance I turned to him and asked a similar question; to my surprise, he dropped his head and laughing, said:

"I dun—no."

"You don't know!" I exclaimed, expressing my astonishment a little sharply. "You know whether you mean to go on annoying me and disturbing the whole school, or whether, like your companions, you are ready to make the same promise, don't you?"

"He-he-he, I dun—no," he chuckled. I turned away amazed yet determined. I went to the boy several times during the afternoon asking if he were ready to make the promise, always receiving the same answers, "He-he-he, I dun—no."

After the closing exercises of the school I requested Jack McCloud to remain in his seat, which he did in a semi-comic manner, hands in his pockets, and eyes rolled to the ceiling, that sent the children laughing from the house. When we were alone, I said:

"We will make ourselves as comfortable as possible here; but you must understand that, be it a night or a week, you can not leave this house until you have made up your mind to do differently."

No answer, but a very significant shake of the head.

I deliberately looked the door, putting the key in my pocket. I fastened all the windows, and renewed the fire. It was a short winter's day—cloudy, and threatening a storm. The wooden shutters rattled, and the wind whistled weirdly around the corners; quaint shadows crept boldly out from the darkness and lengthened on the walls; now and then limbs of the forest trees struck the old school-house spitefully, or dragged their length on the roof as though making an entrance.

"By the way," I remarked, as though to myself, "we may as well have supper, we needn't starve." Stepping to the door, I called to some children, still lingering in curiosity, "Run home and tell your mother to send supper for two here."

They scampered off, well pleased to have something to do.

Jack's face grew longer and longer as the darkness deepened. I began a search from desk to desk, gathering a few stubs of candle left from a recent spelling-school. I laid them in a row upon my desk, continuing my soliloquy.

"That piece may burn an hour, this," measuring and examining carefully, "an hour and a half,—I don't know, pretty small pins may burn a half-hour—the whole, perhaps, three hours." I heard a faint sigh, then an audible sob. I knew Jack had been looking at me, but as I turned, his head dropped upon his arms, stretched on his desk, in real grief, a pitiable sight in the dim light. Without noticing his dejection, I asked:

"Which would you rather do, Jack, burn these pieces in the forepart of the night, or reserve them to the last? The hours will

will seem long, I suspect. I do not think we can sleep much."

No answer.

I went to his side, laying my hand upon his shoulder, continuing in the same voice, "Or would you rather give me the promise now and go home? Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes, sir," came with a sob.

"You think you will take care in future to set a good example before the younger ones?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may go, then."

He shot out of the door on a run. His home was a mile and a half through the woods. I had some misgivings. Not that I had done right, but I was engaged to a pretty cousin of Jack's, and I was not certain how the family would take it. I was soon reassured. His father had started after him, and not getting much satisfaction from the boy as to his delay, came on to my boarding-place. I explained just how it was.

"You have done a good thing," said the father. "Jack is a good boy, and so good-natured, that somehow when he does do wrong at home he slips out of it."

So it proved. John McCloud has been a popular and successful minister many years. Only a few months since I met him, when he laughingly told the story of that night in the old school-house, adding, seriously, "It was the turning-point of my life."—*The Interior.*

TEASE.

There are many bad habits which, though they cannot be called by so severe a name as vices, still less crimes, are, nevertheless, grave faults, regretable on all accounts, and working a great deal of mischief when indulged in. One of them is the habit of teasing.

The habitual teaser is to be found in almost every circle, and often his indulgence in the practice is so excessive as to render his society odious, and his very affection more a pain than a pleasure. So soon as he makes a new acquaintance he prowls around him, sniffing out the vulnerable points where he may lodge his attacks, and fasten his keen teeth with more or less cruelty of purpose. A certain kind of man does this to all the young people who come in his way, just as certain older children tease all the little fellows who cannot defend themselves, and who have to submit to the rough play of the stronger under pain of worse befalling them. If the girl is shy and awkward, the teaser seizes on every opportunity to put her in difficult and prominent positions, and enjoys nothing so much as the poor victim's uncontrollable confusion and distress. Blushes so deep that the whole face flames; eyes filled with tears; nervous trepidation so intense that the voice fails, and the hand trembles, and the weak head whirls, while the little self-possession ever to be counted on—little enough at the best—is lost in the anguish of the moment, are pleasures to him of which we may hope that he does not realize the cruelty involved. He thinks Lucinda a little fool to be so perturbed about nothing, and he may add to this a half kind of notion that it will do her good to accustom her to things which are now so painful. He teases because he thinks it fine fun to see her poignant distress for so small a matter; much as Lucinda herself would probably tease her own dog Tiny by pretending to throw the stone while all the time holding it in her hand; or Trust with the lump of sugar on the quivering little black nose; or as she might tease baby brother by making believe to hide from him outside the door, till brought back by the piercing yell, for which she would call him a little goose, and kiss him till he laughed again.

* * * * *

Teasing goes on at home often to a lamentable extent, and more than one temper has been permanently soured by the process. The parents tease the children, and the children tease each other, till the passionate are made furious, the meek tearful, the humble craven, the sensitive callous, and the quiet morose. If one child has a certain ungainly habit—consequent, perhaps, on a physical defect as the peering of short sight, or the limp of lameness, if it is absent or dreamy or clumsy, those who are given to the bad habit of teasing never let it alone. No callow cygnet was ever more cruelly pecked at by the full-fledged ducks than is the poor ugly duckling of the nursery; and unless that cruel play is stopped by the authorities the mischief of a life is wrought. Nothing, indeed, in a house demands more careful overlooking and more vigorous and judicious suppressing than this habit of teasing indulged in by the members of a family one with the other; for the sport of the one is here again emphatically death to the other; and when you have broken the finer nature that lies in every soul, how will you mend it?

But it does not answer to be too sensitive, and to make a martyrdom out of a little harmless play that means to do no one any hurt. The only way in which to meet those who make teasing in a manner a profession is with perfect good-humor and serenity. To be cross or tearful is to lay yourself open to worse assaults; for the teaser only wants to know which place is most vulnerable, and where he can best wound you. Give him this vantage-ground, and he will use it to your discomfiture; mask your weak places and he is powerless. This is a lesson which the young find it difficult to learn, but the sooner it is learned, and the more thoroughly practised, the better for them and the worse for their assailants. It is in fact a lesson on desirability for good temper, which we all find about the best friend and the most satisfactory defender to be had on our way through life.—*Home Journal.*

WHAT "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL" MEANS.

The thing that is needed is that the command "Thou shalt not steal" should be translated into the terms of modern commercial life. It ought to be shown, to begin with, that cheating is stealing; that every transaction in which by deceit or concealment or misrepresentation a man obtains money or other values that he could not have obtained if he had told the truth, is a direct infraction of the eighth commandment; that he who gains an advantage by telling a lie or by hiding the truth in a commercial transaction, is just as really a thief, in the sight of God's law, as he who picks his neighbor's pocket.

Then, it ought to be shown with equal distinctness that the commandment forbids all violations of the law of trust. He who appropriates to his own uses property entrusted to him for safe keeping is a thief. He who risks in private speculation the property which has been placed in his hands for specific purposes is a thief. The boy who spends the money of his Sunday-school class, or of his ball-club, for his own purposes, breaks the eighth commandment. He may intend to replace the money thus taken; he may think he knows just where he will be able to obtain it; but this gives him no right to take it. Every penny of it ought to be sacredly kept, that he may give at any moment an exact account of his stewardship.

Such distinct applications of the Bible law of honesty to the affairs of every day are always needed, and if the pulpit has failed at all, it has probably failed just here. It is not only true, as the venerable pastor says, that we have not made enough of honesty, it is also true that we have not made it so plain as we ought to have done what honesty requires and forbids. Specific and elementary teaching from the pulpit on this point would be timely and serviceable.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

THE NEXT BEST THING.

"Mr. Moncton," said my grandmother, "I have no wood to burn to-day. What shall I do?"

"Oh, send Louisa round to pick up some," said the good man, making a stride toward the door.

"But she has picked up all she can find."

"Then let her break up some old stuff."

"But she has broken up everything already."

"Oh! well, then, do the next best thing—I must be off," said the farmer; and off he was, whistling as he went, and no doubt wondering in his heart what the next best thing would turn out to be.

Noon came, and with it came my grandfather and four hungry laborers. My grandmother stood in the kitchen, spinning on her great wheel, and singing a pleasant little ditty; Louisa was scouring in the back room, and the cat purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table sat in the middle of the room ready for dinner, with empty dishes.

"Well, wife, here we are," said my grandfather, cheerily.

"So I see," said she placidly. "Have you had a good morning in the cornfield?"

"Why, yes, so so. But where is the dinner?"

"In the pot on the doorstep. Won't you see if it is done?"

And on the doorstep, to be sure, sat the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy. My grandfather raised the cover, and there lay all the ingredients of a nice boiled dinner—everything prepared in the nicest manner, and all the vegetables as raw as they had ever been. My grandfather stared, and my grandmother joined another roll to the yarn upon her distaff, and began another verse of her song.

"Why, woman, what does this mean?" began my grandfather, indignantly. "This dinner isn't cooked at all!"

"Dear me, is it not? Why, it has set in the sun this four hours."

"Set in the sun!"

"Yes, you told me to try the next best thing to having a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that."

My grandfather stood doubtful for a moment, but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then picking up his hat, he said,—

"Come, boys, we might as well start for the woods. We shall have no dinner till we have earned it, I perceive."

Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother, generous in her victory, as women always are. And so she won the day.—*Watchman.*

HOWEVER EARLY in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight hour when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near.—*James Hamilton.*

Question Corner.—No. 2.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. Who was reigning king of Babylon at the time of its capture by the Medes?
14. What exile returned and rebuilt the walls of the city of his fathers?
15. What aged person waited in Jerusalem the coming of the Messiah?
16. What king was carried captive to Babylon and brought back to Jerusalem?
17. What prophet mentions by name three men eminent for righteousness? Who were they?
18. What was the total number of the children of Israel when they first went down into Egypt?
19. How many were there when they came up out of Egypt?
20. Who slew eighty-five priests and by whose command did he do so?
21. What king of Judah had not seen a copy of the law until he was twenty-six years old?
22. What treasurer built for himself a sepulchre in which he was never laid?
23. What two false prophets of the same names as a king of Israel and a king of Judah were burned by Nebuchadnezzar?
24. Where is it said—"Them that honor me I will honor; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed"?

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is composed of 42 letters.
My 13, 26, 31, 7 was the son of Ham.
My 27, 32, 17, 22, 11, 41, 2, 8, 9, 10, 10 was my 32, 15, 25, 18, 6, 28, 39.
My 1, 16, 23, 37, 31, 14, 29, 27, 32 was a town at the lower part of Canaan.
My 20, 7, 36, 17, 35, 14 is a place of Christian worship.
My 3, 38, 42, 11, 8, 37 was a queen of Israel.
My 32, 40, 25, 12, 33, 22 was a Jewish custom.
My 16, 28, 12, 4, 7, 32 was a prophet.
My 34, 32, 33, 12, 29, 2 was another noted prohet.
My 37, 21, 6, 11 was an affectionate daughter-in-law.
My 1, 3, 42, 7, 19, 28 means "House of God."
My 34, 12, 34, 24, 9, 21, 5 was another name for Thomas.
My whole is a verse to be found in Romans.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 24.

205. Hananiah from Jeremiah, Jer. xxviii. 10, 11.
206. Joshua, Josh. viii. 2.
207. Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, 1 Kings, xii. 28.
208. Oshea, Num. xiii. 16.
209. Nebuchadnezzar, he was compelled to dwell with the beasts of the field, Dan. iv. 30.
210. The Israelitish spies sent to spy out Jericho, Joshua ii.
211. The vision of the Cherubim, Ezekiel i. 1, 28.
212. Nebuchadnezzar, 2 Kings xxv. 7.
213. Joseph, Gen. xxxix. 5.
214. David, 1 Chron. xxix. 1, 5.
215. Fifty-two years after the destruction of the first, by Zerubbabel and 536 B.C.
216. Haggai, ii. 9.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 24.—Jessie H. Robson, 10 ac.; W. M. McMillan, 11 ac.; Annie Donaldson, 11 ac.; Francis Hooker, 11 ac.; Margaret Patton, 11 ac.; Mary Patton, 11 ac.

To No. 23.—Florence Shular, 8; Anna A. B., 10 ac.; Emma E. Deshaw, 8; Maggie J. McLeod, 10 ac.; Kenneth Bethune, 9; Margaret Patton, 12 ac; Mary Patton, 12 ac.; Annie Donaldson, 12 ac.; Francis Hooker, 12 ac.; Arthur G. Adams, 4 ac.; Carrie Lewis, 10 ac.; Clarence Goodspeed, 10; D. Morton, 10 ac.; Flavio B. Kerr, ac; Stephen S. Stevens, 10 ac.; James Rose, 11 ac.; Nellie Clark, 11 ac.; George Cann, 8; Lillie Jackson, 11 ac; James E. Graham, 11 ac.; Addie E. Wardley, 10 ac.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.

LESSON III.

JANUARY 19.

THE MISSION OF NEHEMIAH. [About 445-444 B. C.]

READ Neh. 2: 1-8.

1. And it came to pass in the month Ni'-san, in the twentieth year of Ar-tax-erx'-es the king, that wine was before him: and I took up the wine, and gave it unto the king. Now I had not been beforetimes sad in his presence.

2. Wherefore the king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid.

3. And said unto the king, Let the king live forever: why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire?

☞ 4. Then the king said unto me, For what dost thou make request? So I prayed to the God of heaven.

☞ 5. And I said unto the king, If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favor in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Ju'-dah, unto the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it.

6. And the king said unto me (the queen also sitting by him), For how long shall thy journey be? and when wilt thou return? So it pleased the king to send me; and I set him a time.

7. Moreover, I said unto the king, If it please the king, let letters be given me to the governors beyond the river, that they may convey me over till I come into Ju'-dah;

8. And a letter unto A'-saph, the keeper of the king's forest, that he may give me timber to make beams for the gates of the palace which appertained to the house, and for the wall of the city, and for the house that I shall enter into. And the king granted me, according to the good hand of my God upon me.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build.—Neh. 2: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Men's hearts are in God's hand.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—During the remainder of the long reign of Darius, the Jews had peace. But in the year 485 B. C., Ahasuerus ascended the throne, and reigned 20 years. During his reign occurred the events recorded in the book of Esther. (He is supposed to have been the Xerxes of classic history, who invaded Greece with five millions of Persians, and, at Thermopylæ, met Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans.) Some scholars prefer to identify Artaxerxes (the son of Xerxes), with the Ahasuerus of the book of Esther, and think the queen mentioned in Neh. 2: 6, was Esther herself; but this is not well supported. During the reign of Artaxerxes (See Notes) there was a fresh migration of Jews to Jerusalem. B.C. 458, under Ezra, who received permission from the king and was accompanied by 6,000 of his countrymen, Ezra 7: 11-26.

NOTES ON PERSONS, etc.—*Ne-he-mi'-ah—comforted of Jehovah. Ar-tax-erx'-es—mighty warrior*, or king, called Longimanus from the great length of his arms and hands; reigned 465-425 B. C. *Ni'-san*, the first month of the Jewish year, which began with the vernal equinox, our March-April. *A'-saph*, the keeper of the royal forest or "paradise," of Artaxerxes; probably a Jew.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) SAD IN THE KING'S PRESENCE. (II.) GLADDENED BY THE KING'S PERMISSION. (III.) STRENGTHENED BY THE KING'S LETTERS.

I. SAD IN THE KING'S PRESENCE. (1.) MONTH NISAN, this was about four months after Nehemiah first heard of the state of affairs in Jerusalem, Ezra 1: 1; WINE, &c., Nehemiah was the king's cup-bearer, a very honorable and influential position. (2.) COUNTENANCE SAD. It is distressing to see people sad, and kings expected their favorites always to be happy in their presence, Esther 4: 2; SORE AFRAID, capricious despots inflicted the severest punishments, even death, when displeased. Nehemiah had a great request to make, and if it was refused, he also might be punished. (3.) LIVE FOREVER, a usual formula in addressing kings, 1 Kings 1: 31; Dan. 2: 4; 5: 10; 6: 6, 21; FATHERS' SEPULCHRES, only the kings were buried within the city walls. Some have inferred from this that Nehemiah was of the royal house; LIETH WASTE, as it had been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, more than one hundred and forty years before, 2 Chron. 36: 19.

I. QUESTIONS.—How long a time had elapsed since the first company returned to Jerusalem with Zerubbabel? (See Connected History.) What kings had ruled? The place of the book of Esther in this history? The visit of Ezra to Jerusalem? Ezra 7: 11-24. State what you know of the reigning King Artaxerxes. Of Nehemiah's sadness before him.

II. GLADDENED BY THE KING'S PERMISSION. (4.) I PRAYED, a silent, ejaculatory prayer; GOD OF HEAVEN, the God of Israel, as distinguished from the heathen, false gods. (6.) THE QUEEN, &c. It was not customary for queens to be at the royal banquets, but the Assyrian tablets show a king and a queen together at table, drinking wine. The chief wife of Artaxerxes was Damaspia (some suppose Esther is the one referred to, see Connected History); I SET HIM A TIME, probably this was afterwards lengthened, since Nehemiah was the governor of the Jews for twelve years, Neh. 5: 14; and later again visited Jerusalem, Neh. 13: 6, 7.

II. QUESTIONS.—How did Nehemiah seek God's help? State the substance of his former prayer. The condition of the wasted city. Other examples of earnest prayer. Repeat Nehemiah's request to the king. What is known of the queen? The time of Nehemiah's absence?

III. STRENGTHENED BY THE KING'S LETTERS. (7.) GOVERNORS, pashas, or viceroys; BEYOND THE RIVER,

the Euphrates. The Persian Empire extended to the Mediterranean; CONVEY ME OVER, or "Let me pass." It would be a journey of 1,100 miles from Shushan to Jerusalem. (8) KING'S FOREST, or "park," the Greek "paradise," probably near Jerusalem; PALACE, or "fortress," some suppose the Baris, afterwards Antonia, the citadel north of the temple; others say Solomon's palace, south of the temple, 2 Chron. 23: 5, 15; THE HOUSE, the temple.

III. QUESTIONS.—What letters did he ask? How far did the Persian Empire extend towards the West? The length of Nehemiah's journey? For what purposes did he wish timber? How get permission to obtain it? Whom did he acknowledge as the source of his success?

What do you learn from this lesson as to—

1. The possibility of piety in high positions, and under ungodly masters?
2. The seconding of prayer by effort and of effort by prayer?
3. A true patriot's feelings for a suffering country?
4. A true Christian's feelings for a suffering church?
5. The duty of giving God the praise for all success?

LESSON IV.

JANUARY 26.]

THE BUILDERS INTERRUPTED. [About 444 B.C.]

READ Neh. 4: 7-18. COMMIT TO MEMORY v 15, 16.

7. But it came to pass, that when San-bal'-lat, and To-bi'-ah, and the A-ra' bi-ans, and the Am'-mon-ites, and the Ash'-dod-ites, heard that the walls of Je-ru'-sa-lem were made up, and that the breaches began to be stopped, then they were very wroth.

8. And conspired all of them together to come and to fight against Je ru'-sa-lem, and to hinder it.

9. Nevertheless, we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night, because of them.

10. And Ju'-dah said, The strength of the bearers of burdens is decayed, and there is much rubbish; so that we are not able to build the wall.

11. And our adversaries said, They shall not know, neither see, till we come in the midst among them, and slay them, and cause the work to cease.

12. And it came to pass, that when the Jews which dwelt by them came, they said unto us ten times, From all places whence ye shall return unto us they will be upon you.

13. Therefore set I in the lower places behind the wall, and on the higher places, I even set the people after their families with their swords, their spears, and their bows.

14. And I looked, and rose up, and said unto the nobles, and to the rulers, and to the rest of the people, Be not ye afraid of them: remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives, and your houses.

☞ 15. And it came to pass, when our enemies heard that it was known unto us, and God had brought their counsel to nought, that we returned all of us to the wall, every one unto his work.

☞ 16. And it came to pass from that time forth that the half of my servants wrought in the work, and the other half of them held both the spears, the shields, and the bows, and the habergeons; and the rulers were behind all the house of Ju'-dah.

17. They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon.

18. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Nevertheless, we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night because of them.—Nehemiah 4: 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The world opposes the work of the Lord.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Nehemiah, having the king's commission, returned to Jerusalem guarded by a troop of horsemen. Aware of the opposition of Sanballat and others (see Notes), he determined to hasten his work. He made a survey of the walls by night, and then openly proclaimed his mission and authority, and summoned the rulers and people to help him in the work. Sanballat and his associates became seriously alarmed. The lesson gives an account of their attempts to hinder the work, and of the measures Nehemiah took for defence.

NOTES ON PERSONS, etc.—*San-bal'-lat*, called the Horonite, probably as a native of one of the Beth-horons, Josh. 16: 3, 5; 2 Chron. 8: 5, within the limits of the old kingdom of Samaria; others says from Moronaim in Moab. Samaria was the chief city, and he was jealous of Jerusalem; hence, as the leader of the Samaritans, he opposed Nehemiah's work. He gained great influence in Jerusalem after Nehemiah's departure; his daughter married the son of the high priest Eliashib, and he erected a rival temple on Mt. Gerizim and made his son-law high priest. *To-bi'-ah*, a servant, or slave, and an Ammonite, Neh. 2: 10; probably the secretary and chief adviser of Sanballat, Neh. 6: 17-19. Afterwards he had such influence as to occupy a room in the temple from which Nehemiah expelled him, Neh. 13: 4-9. *A-ra'-bi-ans*, in general the inhabitants of Arabia, but here probably a band especially attached to Sanballat and "the army of Samaria," Neh. 4: 2. *Am'-mon-ites*, descendants of Ben-Ammi, the younger son of Lot, Gen. 19: 38. They inhabited the region east of the Dead Sea. *Ash'-dod-ites*, inhabitants of Ashdod, one of the five principal cities of the Philistines, 33 miles west of Jerusalem, and 2 miles from the Mediterranean. *Ha-ber'-ge-ons*, old English for 'coats of mail.' From *hals* (neck) and *bergen* (to protect.) They were made of thin scales of bronze or iron, sewed upon leather, or linen, and overlapping each other.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) CONSPIRACY. (II.) DISCOURAGEMENT. (III.) ENCOURAGEMENT. (IV.) WATCHING AND WORKING.

I. CONSPIRACY. (7.) ARABIANS, AMMONITES, ASHDODITES. Most of these people were subjects of Persia.

I. QUESTIONS.—State how Nehemiah obtained permission to come to Jerusalem. How he surveyed the city by night. What hostility was excited against the work of rebuilding? Why did Sanballat and others oppose the work? In what words did they deride it? State what you know of each of those opposing parties. Give some examples of conspiracy and of divine help?

II. DISCOURAGEMENT. (10.) STRENGTH * * * IS DECAYED, etc., by reason of the hard work already done in rebuilding. (12.) WHICH DWELT BY THEM, on the borders of Samaria; TEN TIMES, or "reported unto us ten times from all quarters that which they devised against us;" YE SHALL RETURN, etc., come back to your own homes, for fear of an attack. There were thus three sources of discouragement: (1) Judah, v. 10; (2) the adversaries, v. 11; (3) the helpers from the provinces, v. 12.

II. QUESTIONS.—Describe the feeling of Judah. The threat of the adversaries? The attempts to call the workers home. Give an example of discouraging words.

III. ENCOURAGEMENT. (13.) LOWER PLACES, which needed special defence, as most exposed to attack. (14.) GREAT AND TERRIBLE, comp. Neh. 1: 5; 9: 32; Deut. 7: 21; Dan. 9: 4. (15.) WE RETURNED, the work had stopped while these preparations for defence were being made.

III. QUESTIONS.—How did Nehemiah arrange the people for defence? Describe the weapons. In whom was their help? For whom were they to fight? The effect upon the enemy? The renewal of the work? Examples of preparation and encouragement?

IV. WATCHING AND WORKING. (16.) MY SERVANTS, either "my subjects" *(Speaker's)* or a special band attached to Nehemiah *(Lange)*.

IV. QUESTIONS.—State the two divisions of Nehemiah's servants. Describe the weapons. The arms of those who builded. The armor for the Christian warrior.

What facts in this lesson teach us that—

1. Opposition is to be expected in Christian work?
2. Faint-heartedness is to be expected?
3. Opposition and faint-heartedness should only make workers more resolute?
4. Preparation is the best security against attack?

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SELECTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

No more difficult problem vexes the journalist than that which is raised in a letter published to-day. If his object is simply to make money he adopts the easy theory that he is not responsible for what appears in his advertising columns, and, except with regard to very disgraceful things, adheres to it, filling his space indifferently with what is good and what is bad, by far the greater part of it being devoted to medical nostrums, theatrical shows, liquors and the like, no objection being made to medicines whose evident use is immoral, to shows which are direct appeals to the passions, to humbugs which carry falsehood on the face of them, or to lotteries which are against the law. When one begins, however, with more or less conscientiousness to draw the line, it becomes a very fine question where it should be drawn. When the WITNESS and MESSENGER came into existence, it is safe to say that three-fourths and probably much more of the advertising space of neighboring journals was occupied with matter that the publishers of these papers could not insert. To develop a business out of that class of advertisements that was represented by the other fourth was the task to which they set themselves, and in which they have succeeded beyond expectation. It must be remembered, however, that there must always be some ground on which to refuse an advertisement before, in justice to the advertiser and to one's own business, it can be refused. One may be perfectly convinced that the great majority of patent medicines are mischievous, at least in their common use, and yet not believe that all such medicines are bad. In vain do we decline to give discounts to that class of advertisers, and distinctly declare on the cards on which our advertising terms are announced that they are not wanted. Unless we are going to reject all indiscriminately we must still have reasons for refusing any that are rejected. After many years of careful and very practical consideration of this question, we declare ourselves unable to formulate any rule which will relieve us from a careful weighing of every individual case, and a decision of it on grounds rather of feeling than of reason, making it a rule to give the decision in the negative if there is any available ground at all for doing so. As an example of this we declined the other day an advertisement worth between two thousand and three thousand dollars, on the ground that it contained the words, "It cures cancer." We were not prepared to say that the medicine in question never cured cancer. The particular case cited was to all appearance as well attested as a case could be, but it seemed meant to convey the impression that cancers generally might be cured by it. Some advertisers, will in such a case, alter the advertisement so as to remove objections and submit it again; but this one as an assertion of his own integrity, withdrew in disdain. Many thousands of dollars are deliberately put aside in this way, not in connection with medicines only. The same difficulty of choice exists in other lines. There has arisen of late a very prolific class of advertisements, of which that referred to in the letter in question is a sample—offering a number of trifles for trifling sums of money. In some cases statements are made in the advertisement more or less calculated to deceive. If the statement is a direct falsehood there is no question as to how to act, but this is not the usual way. The word gold may be so mixed up in the description of a casket of jewellery offered for a dollar that a careless reader might be led to suppose that the jewellery in question purported to be made of gold. As, however, no sane person could possibly expect to get a large box of gold jewellry for a dollar, there is no reasonable fear of deception. In this case, however, another question of morality crops up, namely, as to whether imitation jewellery is not in itself immoral; but it would be hard to make a rule about this that could be generally applied. Wax flowers and bonnet flowers are imitations, and so are most works of art. A great many things are urged on the public on what appear to be false pretences, every reason being asserted for disposing of the article at the price named except what is usually the real one, namely, the hope of profit out of its sale. The appeal is to a class of purchasers who wish to get things for less than their market value. But how are we to know that the pretence is a false one? The one mentioned in the letter, that of obtaining names, is, we happen to know, a real object, much valued by many advertisers, some of whom use the names so obtained in a harmless way, and some of them in very vile ways indeed. The probability is that the person who sets this forward as his object is not one of the latter class. We have had the greatest misgivings about advertisements of nick-nacks, cards, &c., lest they should be covers to obtain names for vile uses, but have not yet obtained any information to cause us to refuse them all on this score. We have always listened eagerly for any complaint with regard to the misuse of our advertising columns. When any reasonable complaint has come it has been thankfully acknowledged, the advertisement suppressed, and the advertiser thereafter excluded. But this has been exceedingly rare. It is reasonable to suppose that among fifty thousand to a hundred thousand readers of our advertisements, most of whom are able to connect cause and effect and to inform us when anything is wrong, any nefarious business would pretty speedily come to light, and we may say that nothing of the kind has been made known to us. Finally, we wish to repeat that we can take no responsibility with regard to the character of our advertisers, nor of the exactitude of their representations. It is simply impossible for us to enter further into the matter than to see that the advertisement bears no evil on the face of it. With regard to the trifles offered in such an advertisement as that here under discussion, the reader has simply, before he sends his money, to ask himself whether he is willing to pay the sum of twenty-five cents and a postage stamp for the articles described, including carriage, advertising (in this case worth a dollar a line) and profit. We do not presume him to take the statement as literal that he will obtain for it an entire brass band in a nutshell, but an instrument that would amuse a child for a month and "drive the old folks frantic" for the same time, may easily prove as useful as it is cracked up to be. The article in question is certainly a very funny thing indeed when one discovers how to use it. If the advertisement is not strictly ingenuous, there is certainly nothing on the face of it to make one suppose that the purchaser would not get fair value for his money. Further than this we cannot discriminate.

PRIZE PACKAGE ADVERTISEMENTS.

(To the Editor of the Messenger.)

SIR,—There appeared in the MESSENGER of November 15th a flaming advertisement, under the heading of "Holiday Cabinet," emanating from the "Eureka Trick and Novelty Company," purporting to send to any address, "postpaid," on the receipt of 25c., "six new and useful articles," viz: "Pocket Memorandum Book," "Youth's Box of Paints," "Mystic Oracle," "Eureka Pocket Book," "Jet Sleeve Buttons," and "French Merleton," assigning as a reason for making such an extraordinary offer the desire to procure names for their "Holiday Catalogue," &c. I long since learned to pass such baits by, without so much as a passing notice; but the above advertisement came under the observation of my son (a lad of thirteen years), who was so impressed with the flattering inducements to invest in the "Cabinet" that I finally consented to his wish, and the money was immediately forwarded. A few days of anxious waiting, and the box came all right, excepting the "useful" was entirely minus, and as regards value (if the term is applicable at all), we should think the whole "business" would be dear at five cents, which was represented as being wonderfully under value at 25c.

The query with me is, Why are such advertisements admitted in such papers as the WITNESS, and particularly the MESSENGER? appearing as the advertisement did in the MESSENGER side by side with the Sabbath-school lesson. The tendency is to inspire in the minds of the young confidence in such worthless, trashy humbugs as are advertised in nearly all the would-be respectable family newspapers. The time certainly has come when journalism should be conducted on some plan that would prove sufficiently remunerative to justify the journalist in rejecting every advertisement that is not strictly in accordance with truthfulness and honesty. And where the proof of the "*bonafideness*" of the advertisement is lacking it should invariably be refused a place in every respectable newspaper.

My conclusion in reference to the "Trick and Novelty Company" is that the "Trick" consists of duping the unwary out of their hard-earned cash, and the "Novelty" of the fact that there are always so many ready, and apparently willing, to be fleeced.

A. M. B.

Moultrie, Ohio, Nov. 11, 1878.

PLEASANT INDICATIONS.

A very large proportion of the readers of the WITNESS are endeavoring to double the circulation of that paper by each one getting another. The MESSENGER'S circulation can hardly be doubled in that manner, as it is so largely taken in clubs. But many of the children who get it may do something to obtain subscribers. Each one must have some friend who would like to read such an interesting little paper as the MESSENGER. We desire every one, whether taking the paper singly or in a club, to get one more subscriber for us. There is a great pleasure in the work. Just try it.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

25 BEAUTIFUL ALL CHROMO CARDS, 10c; or 65 Snowflake, Rep, Damask, assorted, 10c (large size). Agent's Outfit 10c. Send Canada 1c, 1 and 2c P.O. Stamps in payment. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn

25 CHROMO CARDS &c., CUPID'S MOTTOES, Flowers, no two alike, 10c; 25 Bird Cards, 10c; 20 new style New Year's Cards, 10c. Any of the above sent postpaid with name on receipt of price. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, New York, U.S.

50 PERFUMED BEST MIXED CARDS IN FANCY CASE, name in Gold, for 10 cents, or 50 Perfumed Chromo and Snowflake Cards in case, name in gold, for 10 cents. DAVIDS & CO., Northford, Conn

25 CARDINAL, NAVY BLUE, SEAL BROWN AND Bottle Green Cards, with name in gold, 20c; 25 Fancy Cards, plain or gold, 10c; 150 styles. Agents' outfit, 10c. Good Cards, good work, fair dealing. Try us. Canada money and P. O. stamps taken. HULL & CO. Hudson, N. Y.

60 CHROMO AND PERFUMED CARDS (no three alike), name in Gold and Jet, 10c; one pack of Age Cards, 10c.

CLINTS BROS., Chatonville, Ct.

THE CLUB RATES FOR THE "MESSENGER" ARE when sent to one address, as follows:—1 copy, 30c.; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. J. DOUGALL & SON Publishers, Montreal.

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